Poems and Essays

R. H. Nassau

1872, 1909, ~~1919~~ 1920.

[Essays and poems].

Robert Hamill Nassau

The Southern Cross.

"Jeneo et teneor".

1

I sit beside Ogove's stream.
The night is dark. The crescent moon
Gives but a phantom ray to gleam
On shadows here so densely strewn.

2

Beyond these shades, the farther bank
Uprises a majestic hill
That, frost-crowned, with verdure rank,
Stands solemn, sombre, weirdly still.

3

Above, in azure fields of space,
The lonely Southern sky outspreads.
There rests my eye. With strength of grace
The starry lenses its radience sheds.

4

That lenses meant toil, meant shame, meant death.
In following it I follow those.
Ah! heart, sink not with bated breath
At thought of care, of pain, of foes.

5

Hail! Cross of Jesus, thence I draw,
By faith, the Strength it must be mine;
And see, as once a Warrior saw,
The promise, "Conquer, in this Sign".

6

O joyful Cross! O Mystery dear!
Up in my soul fresh hope has welled.
The toil grows light, - clouds disappear.
Savior, I hold Thee and am held!

R. H. Nassau.

April 22 1882

Such occasions as these would [illegible]
of the [illegible] of time. But [illegible] would [illegible]
grow old. An [illegible] man is [illegible] Scotsman
the usual graduation [illegible], & the couple is [illegible]
painted by the artist. The [illegible] was [illegible]
man, blond with gray, honest white hair & eyes
[illegible] with motion. But girl was [illegible] [illegible]
the chief & [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] & [illegible]
[illegible] you a picture of a [illegible], [illegible]
hopeful eye, life [illegible] life & [illegible]
one [illegible] [illegible] & [illegible]
think [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] I must say [illegible] he is [illegible]
[illegible] on the lines of [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] & [illegible]
[illegible] Jane is [illegible] young [illegible] of [illegible]
dress, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
as Elaine in [illegible] [illegible]
her [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

You are stepping out with [illegible]
of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] & [illegible]
[illegible]
the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Lawrenceville Fem. Sem. J
June 1880
Address to the
Graduating Class

Outline
of
an Address
to
the Graduating Class of
the Lawrenceville Female
Seminary, June 1880.

Such occasions as these mark the progress of the March of Time. But, on this march, Time never grows old. I am aware that, in so saying, I contravene the usual graduation Essay. And, the essayist is supported by the Artists. The artist represents Time as an old man, bowed with years, hoary white hair, and eyes solemn with wisdom. But, give me the plastic clay; the chisel and the hammer; or the limners pencil, and I

to her lover prince.
You are stepping out into a sacrifice. A Jewish maiden met her oath-bound father returning victorious from battle; and became a sacrifice to his oath.
The Greeks, from Agamemnon's ships before Troy, and a woman's sacrifice, &c.

will produce you a figure young, beautiful, noble, eye hopeful, lips intense with life, and locks without one almond leaf, and no scythe in his hand.
My models sit before me.

But, lest you think my youthful Time too noble in his undying youth, I must say that he is young because he lives on the lives of those who love him. The flower gives its sweetness and life to the bee; and then dies. And Time is ever young because you give youth to him, as Elsie, in Longfellow's Golden Legend, gave her warm life-blood

Address. ~~Afrida~~
(the Lawrenceville High School).

Prologue. The Hunter sets each foreign land,
The wild beasts rage to dare;
Returns, with full well-trophied hand,
From mountain, field, and lair.

The Man of Science roams the world
Of flower and insect life;
Nor rests he, though his way be hurled
Through scenes with danger rife.

The Merchant sails the stormy sea,—
Self-exiled but for gain;—
And bears privation willingly,
Earth's treasures to obtain.

The Farmer, on the furrowed field,
Contented casts away,
Not doubting that the Harvest-yield
His Spring-time toil will pay.

These give their life, their time, their gold,—
Hopeful even when deceived;
Lass warns with story truly told,
But never is believed.

But, when one goes to heathen land,
And gives, in moral strife,
His toil to loose from Error's hand,
And save immortal life,

His task is called Utopian;
His zeal, - fanatic fire;
His death, - a useless waste; his hope, -
A puerile desire.

First View, - Geographical.

Lo! Africa: - an ancient land
Of forests rich, - of golden sand;
Of wondrous tales of mystery
Unwritten in pure history:
Long known in ages of the Past;
Unknown to-day, and locked up fast,
As if Hesperides were true, ~~hiding~~
Hiding its fruits from foreign view,
By gates of pestilence and fire
And jungles filled with monsters dire.

The broad Sahara stretches wide
On Northern coast from side to side;
Its sand waves ~~that~~ lie between

Setting the rare oases' green.
And there in untamed freedom roam
Hyena, lion, fleet gazelle;
But human being makes no home
To break by love the dreary spell,
Save ~~Arab~~ Jugurg with his nature wild, -
The Deserts scourge, - the Desert-Child.

Far to the south, in Temperate Zone,
Civilization's light has shone.
Now, - where the "Navigator's" eye
First saw the Tabled Mountain's form
That gave a "good-hope" to his heart
Seeking, through famine, war, and storm,
The path (to win his monarch's smile)
To Eastern sea and Indian isle, -
A better hope for future days
Rises, like incense, from the lays
Of faith and truth, devoutly sung
To cultured tune by savage tongue
Of Zulu, Kaffir, Hottentot,
And Boschman tribes whose former lot
(Some men have said) was sunk so low,
Of God's mere name they did not know.

(1) Prince Henry of Portugal.

Great Rivers pour the mighty flood
They drain from mountain, lake, and wood,
Coming from springs unseen, afar,
Of unexplored Interior.
The Nile, a solemn mystery,
As in the ages gone,
Flows in majestic loneliness
From Source as yet unknown.
That Source kings sought, past Egypt's soil,-
Past Nubia,- past Sennar,-
And volumes writ with various toil
Of men near and far.
But, even, like the pursuit vain,
A rainbow's promised gold to gain,
Whenever they thought the end they'd won,
The endless river still flowed on.
But now, perhaps, we dimly learn
Where lies the Niles great fountain-urn,-
Snow-mountain streams that flow to make
The (1) Queenly Nyanza's sea-like Lake.

(1) The Victoria Nyanza of Capt Speke.

In sisterhood of Central Lakes
Pre-eminence the Nyanza takes.
And (2) Luta-Nzige by her side
A Consort-Prince in Royal pride

(2) The Albert Nyanza of Sir Sam. Baker.

(1) The Sea of Ujiji of Capt. Burton.

And (1) Tanganyika, like a leech,
Winds southward far, as if to reach
Another outlet to the sea
(A project vain and vain endeavor)
Through Nyassa's stormy mountain-lake
And Zambesi's lordly river.

A lordly river 'tis, indeed,
Gathering its waters day by day
From mountain-side and flowery mead;
And, in its path, in giant play,
The earth devours with open jaw
(An African Niagara)
The thundering cataract that raves
In (2) Mosi-o-a-tunya's waves.

(2) The Victoria Falls of Livingstone.

From the same central fountain-heads,
Whence the Zambesi eastward spreads,
In westward course and torrent flow
The blood-dyed wave of red Congo
Marks where the slave-trade holds a seat,
(Its kingdom once) its last retreat
On Western Coast. That muddy stain
Washed from the soil by tropic rain,
In solid stream with billowy sweep,
Twits many a sea mile on the deep.

Adown that stream glide Floating Isles,
Torn from the marshy banks away,
In living green and flowing smiles:
For ocean-gods a grand bouquet!

There, too, Gabon (an ivory mart)
With Jesus stirs the Christian heart.
Its tide, once marred by Slavery's hail,
Is hallowed by our (1) "Elfe's" sail.

(1) The mission yacht.

Where graceful (2) Eyo's waters glide
To (3) Mbâdé's bluff, it laves
(4) Bolondo's feathery Palms beside
Benita's mission graves.

(2) Native name of the Benita river.
(3) Mr Paull's station.
(4) Miss Nassau's School.

The Niger in its current strong,
From mountain recess of the Kong,
Its yellow tide with surf-beat song
Pours from her Delta'd lips.
And, like a siren with her toils,
She calls in pestilential breath,
From lagoons redolent of death,
At those palm-banks with their rich oils
Each foreign vessel sips.

Even there, beneath that Torrid sky,
Some Mountains lift their heads so high
They reach the line of constant snow
On lofty [1] Kilima-njaro;
And on the Peak of Teneriffe,
Whose rosy brow the clouds surround,
To give the raptured eye relief,
Lest intense beauty sight should wound;
(As once, to classic maid's desire,
Olympian Zeus, revealed, was fire)
And on the Peak of Kamerun,
That fronts Fernando Po,—
Majestic Pillars of the "Gate"
Brave [2] Hanno first passed through.

(1) Of Dr. Krapf on the Eastern Coast.

(2) Admiral of the Carthaginian exploring fleet.

There Islands dot the low-lined coast,
Some bearing names that History boast.
And one,— great Madagascar's isle,—
Of Christian martyrs was, erewhile,
The grave. But hosts have promptly sprung
From that dear martyr blood;
And, where once idol rites were sung,
Are praises to our God.

Over all that Equatorial land,
Abundant Nature's liberal hand

Has scattered, with amazing power,
A nameless wealth of Tree and Flower.
In forest aisles of giant trees
The sunbeams ferid lance
Scarce penetrates. From walls of green
Its broken fragments glance.
A leafy wall of changing green;
As great variety
As in the Autumn tints we seen
Of our own forest tree.
And o'er this verdant robe there grasps
A drapery of vines.
It climbs, and twists, and twirls, and clasps,
And 'round the mass entwines.
Within, the shades, on rainbow wing,
The birds flit in and out.
Their notes discordant chorus ring
With antic monkeys' shout.

To view, the scene is beautiful
And charms surpassingly;
But Pestilence and Fear are there,
And Death lies treacherously.
Beneath those leaves an Asp can hide;
There's Poison in that flower.

There, ~~Cobra~~ Python and the Boa glide;
And Leopards lurkingly abide
In recess dark by man's wayside;
There, - the Gorilla's prey.
And where the stilted Mangrove leaps
The margins of the streams,
The Fever-fiend in sunlight creeps,
Or stalks 'neath night's star-beams.

Second View, - Moral

God's Earth is fair,
But Sin's dark roots
Have made it bear
Us bitter fruits.
Where Nature glows
Most rich and free,
More darkly grows
Man's infamy.

A Tribe, that country stands, -
Her children sold to Other lands, -
And weeps the living death they die
In unrequited Slavery.
Weeps that the white man's stony heart
For dusky skins could find a mart;

Weeps her own greed of foreign pelf
That turned her sword against herself,
And, for the trinkets of a day,
Called to a chain her child from play.

Unchristian Commerce, a Pandora,
Lies at the mouth of ev'ry river,
And gifts seductive scatters far
That curse the given and the giver.

Intemperance, with fiery blast,
Like lava in its flow,
Melts with its touch the tribes that fast
Down to destruction go.

And foreign Vice of cultured air
With native vice entwines.
Both worship pay, – a shameless pair, –
At Lust's unholy shrines.

A parasite, – Polygamy, –
Saps of its life the social tree.
Its roots remorseless eat away
What else would grow 'neath Love's mild sway.
In ev'ry household act we seen
Reflections of its hideous mien.

A little girl you there shall see,
Scarce graduate of her mother's knee,
Bought by some aged reprobate,
Whose frown brings fear, - his smile her hate, -
Where Innocence secure should rest,
Or Love-birds build their downy nest,
Her rudely-wakened heart soon gives
Covert for birds of filthy lives.
Ere Childhood's years are passed away,
She's taken by that old man grey, -
A new caprice, - toy of a day, -
To learn a life with bitter lives
Of household slaves miscalled his "wives".
The new-found favorite uses power
Despotic for her little hour;
(Her impudence her only wits, -
On marriage-troth slight fealty pets, -)
Then sinks among the jealous crew,
With common cause against favorite new.
The slavery is still the same,
For her it's only changed its name.
But change of name brings occupation
Consistent with her lower station.
If Wifehood brought no Motherhood, -
"Drawer of water, hewer of wood"
Is thence her lot, And in that round

The lonely drudge's life is bound.
Thus:- Day by day the food to cook
For every lazy guest
Her lord receives on Friendship's claim
Or Gluttony's request.
And often, like proud Pharaoh's slaves,
Without the straw to make the brick,
Though garden fail and tempest raves,
Though back be sore and heart be sick.
If children gather 'round her knee,
Their care is all her own
And burdens of their infancy,
Until their strength be grown,
And then the father claims them all
To please his selfish wish;
The girls in woman's lot to fall,-
The boys to hunt and fish.

How strong is Superstition's hand!
Binding the heart with iron band,
In life, in death;- for There or Here,
Bidding man quail in craven fear!
Not Love constrains those heathen minds.
The mystery of the soul
To them is hid; it only finds
Demoniac control.

2

They see in every rock and tree
Not God, but demon sign.
The effort of their life will be
To thwart the Power malign.

3

The Spirits live in air and earth,
In beast, and bird, and fish;
In rags, and shells of meanest worth;
And watch our every wish.

4

And, watching thus, perhaps may grant,
If favorably inclined;
Or, if the Spirit's chosen haunt
The devotee can find.

5

And, here steps in the Sorcerer bold,
With claim of magic skill,
And rites, to common eyes untold,
A potent charm to fill.

6

That Fetish-charm, an amulet,
Hung on the door or dress or tree,
Or planted where two ways have met,
Shall guard wealth, life, and property.

7

Such reverence for Amulets
An influence for evil sets
On every act, from birth to death,
And even beyond the dying breath.

Around the dying and the dead
A shadow dark and grim is spread,
And acts of horrid name and tone
At Witchcraft's stern behest are done.

1

The sick man died. Quick, from his hut,
The voice of wailing rose,
As if Joy's door forever was shut
And Grief's could never close.

2

The fatal news, by forest path,
Flies swift, or by the ocean's strand.
Before the avenger's well-known wrath
The villages in terror stand.

3

"Who killed this man?" said Sorcery,
"Who took his life away?
Except for poison Witchery
Sure he were here to-day!"

The Sorcerer and his chosen few,
In secret dark conclave,
The dead man's history review
With freeman and with slave.

5

This one (they said) once, long ago,
Had cursed the dead man's mother.
That one in anger struck a blow,
Or said "You're not my brother."

6

This woman never would obey
Nor did the food prepare.
That enemy, crumbs stole away
And clippings of the hair.

7

On such as this amazing ground
One was condemned to die;
Was seized, and chained, and guilty found,
On charge of Witchery.

8

The crowd that stands about that slave
Is witness, judge, and jury;
She stands alone; accusers rave
Around her in their fury.

9

The spear and club, thorns, fire, and knife,
Compel her to confess.
Vain hope! to buy with perjured life
Relief from torture's stress.

10

With false confession, self-condemned,
The witch is mocked in song,
While vengeful heart and brutal hand
Her agonies prolong.

11

Down to the margin of the sea
Her struggling form they drew;
With mundane haste and frantic glee
Sprang in a large canoe.

12

They paddled quick; a sharp knife gleams;
Her throat was o'er the side.
And, one by one, her mangled limbs
The reddened waves divide.

Third View, - Evangelistic.

From scenes and characters like these
Turn we to others that may please
The Christian heart;

And, of the good,—for which you've prayed,—
Recount some works, in which I've played
An humble part.

÷

Dotting that country's Western stand,
There Mission-Stations scattered stand,
Like beacon-lights to point the road
That leads the heathen up to God.

1

Lo! where the Teacher's patient hand
Guides her informal School,
Unfolding to untutored band
The Book of heavenly rule.

2

Abroad, the light reflected glares;
While insects strident hum,
And voice of birds, and scented airs,
Through th' open window come.

3

A light breeze fans the feverish cheek,
And lifts the rustling page.
Pray that a Breath of Life Divine
Those young hearts may engage!

4

Their eager eyes the letters scan,
For knowledge quick, intent;

On pow'r that shall ennoble man
The awakened mind is bent.

5

Not like a sheet of clear blank white,
On which the willing pen may write;
But, like a tablet foul, that mind
From Error first must be refined.

6

The entering Word its light can give
Those op'ning hearts into,—
Break Vice's chain,—bid Virtue live,—
And Conscience bring to view.

÷

Or, follow where the Preacher goes
To villages around,
With news of Peace, where 'mid their woes
Sin's captives sad lie bound.

2

He passes through the village street
(The unused infants flee)
And in the (1) Ikenga takes a seat
Where all can hear and see.

(1) the public Reception-room.

3

He tells them he's a messenger,
And asks their quiet ear.

Awhile the wondrous News he tells
The crowd press close to hear.

4

The speech is strange, and some one laughs.
Up starts a patriarch's hand,
On women, chickens, children, dogs,
Strict silence to command!

5

Perhaps the Preacher lifts his voice
In cheerful hymn of praise;
The native ear is musical,
And quick attention pays.

6

And then the Message is outspread;
The Story old and true,
Befitting youth and hoary head,
And ever fresh and new,—

7

How God exists, and made each star,
And us ~~xx~~ made pure and good;
That, though we've wandered sad and far,
His Love has near us stood,

8

And sent a Son, whose victor-strife
With Sin and Fear and Death

[illegible] save and lead to better life
Beyond this mortal breath.

9

The seed is sown. No doubt some seed,-
Though buried long they lie,
And sadly choked with tare and weeds,-
Shall bloom beyond the sky.

The "mission"[1] boat is on the sea.
Its errand here may various be;
To transport food,- the Word to preach,-
The sick a healthier spot to reach,-
A life to save,- for letters, guests,-
Or sent on explorations quests.

(1) named the "Benita"; a gift from personal friends.

1

Day's heat is past; the boat is launched;
The sun sinks toward the west.
Take in the oars,- put up the sail,-
With good wind we are blest!

2

The night is clear,- stars mark our way,-
Cassiopea's Chair,-
Orion,- Taurus,- (no North star),-
But the "Pointers" Two are there.

3

The Utembâni's fair east-wind
The mainsail sheet keeps taught;
And while it lasts the crew may find
Their sleep on box or thwart.

4

At last the night grew dark,
And strong the south-wind blew,
~~And~~ The parted waves swept by our barque,
As up that wind we flew.

5

But, now, this tack we've run enough;
This long boom must come over.
"Ready!" "About!" "Belay there!" "Luff!"
Speed for the distant shore!

6

We're flying from the cruel sea;
But yonder breakers' roar
Speaks to our hearts more cruelly.
"Tack out to sea once more!"

7

A time to try a heart though bold!
A precious freight is there.
Not self, nor crew, nor goods, nor gold,—
A child and woman fair!

8

These waves are fearful; and the rain
Is pitiless and cold.
So, tack toward shore, - we'll take down sail,
And waiting there shall ride the gale,
If anchor-chain will hold.

9

Perhaps, when standing in to shore,
We found a sheltered quiet bay;
And landing sought the hut's rude door
Above the cove's white sand that lay.

10

The missionary's name is known;
He's welcomed at the fire,
Where dripping clothes are hung to dry:
By food and bed unskilled hands try
To meet the confidence thus shown,
And hearty trust inspire.

11

When 'cross the sea the morn up-rolled,
The storm ~~had~~ was passed away.
The assembled villagers were told
We could not longer stay.

12

The Word is preached, - a prayer is made, -
New native friendships sought, -

Small gifts received, and debts repaid,-
And fresh provisions bought.

13

Then, out again the wave to try,
By sail to tack or oar to ply.
With varying breeze swift miles to pass,
Or slow to creep a sea like glass.

14

Through all those sulty hours of day,
The Captain, sea-sick, there would lie
Or find from pain a slight surcease
By sleeping e'en 'neath noontide sky:
Seeking in troubled rest the ease
The storm-nights vigils took away.

15

That long day passed. Another night
Fell 'round us on the sea.
Here anchor. By tomorrow's noon
We'll at our haven be.

÷

This is the Church. On rough-made seat
We'll claim awhile its cool retreat.

1

'Tis Sabbath-Day. Communion Week
Has brought, with bright and solemn hours,

The gathering companies who seek
The bamboo church's opened doors.

2

A motley crowd has hither rolled,
To see the "Great-Feast" day,
Of heathen, Christian, young, and old,
Attired in best array.

3

Some come to show the brilliant tags
They've never worn before,
Reserved through months of dirt and rags,
And hid in secret store.

4

Some come to please the white man's eye.
Each great and special friend
So hopeful that gifts by and-by
The foreign hand may send.

5

Some come to see how others dress,—
Or travels to recount,—
To hear new converts Christ confess
At Table or at Font.

6

The few look on the sacred scene
With reverence and love,

With knowledge what its symbols mean,
And hopes this earth above.

7

Around the Table they have come;
Once, wanderers in sin.
While traveling toward the Father's Home
This is their Wayside Inn.

Fourth ~~Third~~ View; Trials

1.

Sickness Disease was on the air last night.
To-day's heat sun struck with power.
The mission plans don't work aright.
Depression rules the hour.

2

Then Sickness enters at the door.
(Unasked, – a hungry guest.)
He's entered often there before,
And life his sole request.

3

Beneath his fever-touch the brain
Throbs wildly. From the heart,
Through bounding artery and vein,
The rapid pulses dart.

4

The light step heavy grows as lead,
And weary drop the hands

That shine to fill in weakness still
The excited will's commands.

5

Alternate cold, - alternate heat, -
The poor weak body rack;
While thought runs on, with pinion fleet,
O'er infinite long tracts.

6

The thoughts of home, - of fear, - of love, -
Of work, - of plan, - of care.
The busy brain has strength above
The strength to do or dare.

7

Some, when the storm of fever flew,
Quick as tornado blast,
Like reeds, low bowed, awhile it blew,
And rose when it was past.

8

But some rise not. The pliant reed
Had borne blasts oft and well.
This blew too fierce. The bruised reed
Lay broken where it fell.

9

Tornado passed. Enough to know
That visitor is gone;

Nor dare to call him robber, though
He went ~~not~~ out alone.

10

Take up the little he has left.
It looks like kindred clay.
They say that this is Death. The dead
Must needs be put away.

11

It is not death. We do not die.
Dust does. So, tenderly,
We'll bear this + + dust to lie
Where Others' grave-mounds be.

÷

'Tis chosen well that little yard
Of missionary graves,
Just near the house they liked on earth,
And by the ocean's waves.

2

The forest trees are undisturbed
By axe or Arts cut style,
Save where a winding path pursues
Nature's own wooded aisle.

3

The vines may clamber unrestrained,
And light fall cheerily

O'er grass and bush, where birds untamed
Still twitter merrily.

4

But Art its added hand has set
(Not taken aught away)
Where Love has sought, on marble fair,
To save from Time's decay
Dear names whose lives and memories rare
We can not willingly forget.

5

There Infancy was laid to rest,
And (1) Manhood in his strength,
And patient (2) Womanhood. How blest
To reach their Home at length!

6

On a mound where [a] beautiful (3) infant's form sleeps,
Recumbent, a Lamb fit companionship keeps,
With a name and with dates; but the stone's mute lips tell
No tale save the legend that says, "It is well."

7

Yet, though those lips so silent are,
And their records cherished there,
Whose vivid life-work there was found,
Whose grave is on Leonisa's ground.
Mound, stone, and name, remind to all
Benita's pioneer, - (4) George Paull.

(1) Rev. S. Reutlinger.
(2). Mrs Menaul
(3) George Paull Nassau
(4) Rev. George Paull.

There too, beneath the fervid sky,
Where sunbeams blaze by day;
Or, when the moon has mounted high,
Cool mystic shadows play;
Where stars so silently look down,
Through vistas of the night,
From Southern Cross and Southern Crown,
On marble cold and white;
The light of sun and moon and star
On tablet-sculptured cross rests calm,—
Benita's brave-borne cross of "her
Who wears Benita's Crown and Palm.

(1) Mrs. M. C. Nassau.

Epilogue

1

Light for the Future! By river, o'er hill,
The promise of good each year shall fulfill.
"We stretch out the hand!" shall Africa sing,
Salvation to crave, and tribute to bring.

2

"Spero meliora!"[2] hear Commerce proclaim.
We "better things" trust through a Crucified Name,
When nevermore purchased thy children shall be,
And thy harvests respond to the toil of the free.

(2) Motto on the coat of arms of the British African Mail Steamship Co.

3

Free! from the chains Superstition has bound;
Free! from the stains which thy vices have found;

Free! from the Guilt of the innocent Blood;
Free! from the rags thou hast worshiped as God.

4

Light for the future! o'er mountain and dale;
Light for the future! by forge and by rail;
Light for the future! through Church and through State;
Light for the future! where ransomed ones wait.

L'envoi

Night's lamps burn low. My task is writ.
There's ashes on the hearth.
Accept the song, and reckon it
Just at its slightest worth.
As guests of mine, some day retrace
The Ocean path I've come,—
A stranger,—here. You'll find a place
In Africa,—my home.

March 1872.

Something to mend.

1

"Something to mend!" 'tis the regular cry
Of my garments abused with the week's toil & crush;
And the Mondays come round so much faster since I
Have had the new task of "looking over" the wash.
I never so counted the days' run before,
By the loss of a button, or shirt-sleeve all torn;
And now late I begin to see slightly more
Of the burdens so petty that others have borne.

2

Something to mend! From my frail bamboo shed,
I look down the hill-side where the wave on the stream
Of Ogove's swift tide, so grandly outspread,
Flashes clear in the light of this tropic sun-beam.
From the window's low edge, I lay down awhile
The stitches my fingers unskillfully learn,
To watch "drive ants," in their soldierly style,
Climb over yonder log ~~[illegible]~~ decked with orchid and fern.

3

There are heathen songs ringing from deep forest glade,
Or that boat from canoe with the paddles' quick strike;
There's the laugh of my school-boys at play in the shade,
Or some spite about food over their kitchen's blue smoke.
Is it all right with these? Is it all right with me?
And I think of my work for ~~[illegible]~~ each life & ~~[illegible]~~ each reader;
Of the daily uproots for the faults not a few,—
And the strength to overcome that I try to impart.

something to mend! Is there something to mend
In my poor wayward heart, as I teach these lost sheep!
The true words that I tell of their Heavenly Friend
Faintly told while my soul fails its own truth to keep!
Oh! the words in our lives! The sad words in my lives!
The patience to find the grand breadth of God's Law!
The real faith that wearies, the Error that strives
Allegiance from duty's strict limits to draw!

5

~~The wind in a sweet singing from deep forest state~~
Something to mend? There *is* something to mend
So long as the immortal is mingled with clay.
In Christ we in hope for the hand that shall rend
The imperfect from what shall be perfect one day.
O! that Exhalation of God! joy's fullness alone,
When the world's Week of Toil forever shall end!
O! the Voice that shall say, with such wonderful tone,
"Beloved my child, there is nothing to mend!"

Belambila, Akele.
October 12th 1875.

The Bells that Ring on me.

There ring to me sometimes sweet bells,
So soft and low;
But never a word their echo tells.
Of weal, or woe,
I can not know.

2

I hear them in these forest aisles,
So soft and low,
Alike in Grief, or we Hope smiles,
Their light waves go
In music's flow.

3

Are they some solemn funeral tolls,
In lands away,
Wafted across where Ocean rolls?
Or calls to pray
On Sabbath-Day?

4

Or, are they echoed marriage-bells,-
All glad and gay,-
Whose whispered benison then swells
O'er lives to-day
Made one for aye?

5

Or, are they notes of bells of state
On toiling towns,
Where lordly hands in life's war dare
Snatch golden crowns
From fortune's mounds?

6

I can not tell. I only know
That sweet low tone,
Whose pulses sudden come and go
When I am alone,
Or even one.

7

Those tones change not. By night or day,
They, - soft and low, -
Unbidden ~~[illegible]~~ come, nor, lingered, - stay;
But, ringing slow,
Vibrating go.

8

Ring on, Oh bells, and sing for me!
I do not know
Whether my path of life shall be
Of weal or woe.
Sing soft and low!

Kangaroo valley. Jany 31st
~~[illegible]~~ 1877.

For an Album.

for Miss L. B. Walker.

These ferns' low leaves, – this feathered pond, –
These quivering muse ragged with the wind, –
This hopic light that rest, to visions fond,
Threw romance o'er each consecrated mind;
These please, but do not satisfy.
We sow what an Eternity ingures".
The Gathering-Day alone can gratify;
Not withered leaves nor chaff. The wheat endures.

Laloon.
July 1878.

An Acrostic.

Many a time I've mourned all sadly
Adam's fate for Eva's sin,—
Regretted for him such a failure,—
Yearning for what might have been.

But, the hand that plucked that old fruit,
Rosy on forbidden bough,
Unto following ages stretching,
Nerves new hands to venture now.
Even gossip, late, authentic,
Tells of maid, who, 'neath a stair,
Through coat-pockets wildly searching,
Emptied them of fruit hid there.

Fair dear culprit! whose name's twisted
Occult in this rhyme of mine,
Sinful Eden's fate seems lightened,
Transformed, by a love like thine.
Eden's gate should outward bar me
Rather than divide me from thee.

July?
August 1884

To My Wife

(What I thought on my journey up the Agawa Rapids, Feby 1882)

The stream flows swift; the currents swirl;
The river surges madly down,
O'er rocks, where breaks, in turbid whirl,
Each angry wave its foamy crown.

Above those waves, so dark below,
In niche and ledge of rifted walls,
Alone, where nothing else can grow,
And scarce the hopeful sun-ray falls,

There blooms a flow'r, whose petals wide
Seem, with their cheerful hopeful blue,
To say to traveler at its side,
"You've sought me, and I bloom for you".

And then, I think how, in this life,
When roughest darkest seems the day,
There grows for each, beyond the strife,
Some gentle hope to cheer the way.

E'en thus, for me, there lives a flow'r,
Blue-eyed and helpful, fair to see:
And every day I bless the hour
I sought her. Dearest, bloom for me!

March 1882

To My Wife
(for an Anniversary).

X

I am singing in the shadows;
They have lengthened into night.
Through the high, locked, joint leaf-arms,
From the moon so round, so bright,
Fall the wind-chased rays that flicker,
Like my own life's vista-view.
So, I'm singing in the shadows,
While I'm thinking, Wife, of you.

2

I am singing in the shadows.
There's no life, however bright
With the Love that God has given,
But it has its day and Night.
Even lips that love can only
Bid to Higher Rock to flee.
So, I sing while in the shadows;
For, I'm praying, Christ, to Thee.

3

We'll go singing in the shadows,—
Thanks for dark, and thanks for bright,—
Till our path shall reach that City
Where no Day e'er turns to Night.
There the Light that blessed Lamb is
Whose pure glory naught can dim.
In the Valley of the Shadows
We can sing, dear Wife, of Him.

April 1. 1882
Composed by the Ogowe side, sitting near ~~the~~ my bamboo hut, the original Talaguga building.

Teneo, et teneor.

1

I sit beside Ogowe's stream.
The night is dark; the crescent moon
Gives but a phantom ray to gleam
On shadows here so densely strewn.

2

Beyond these shades, the farther bank
Uprises, – a majestic hill, –
That, forest-crowned, with verdure rank,
Stands sombre, solemn, weirdly still.

3

Above, in azure fields of space,
The lonely Southern Sky outspreads.
There rests my eye. With strength and grace
The starry Lyrace its radience sheds.

4

That Lyrace meant toil, meant shame, meant death,
In following it, I follow those.
Oh! heart, sink not with bated breath,
At thought of care, of pain, of foes!

5

Hail, Cross of Jesus! Thence I draw,
By faith, the Strength that must be mine;
And see, as once a Warrior saw,
The promise, "Conquer, in this sign!"

6

O! joyful Cross! O! Mystery dear!
Up in my ~~heart~~ soul fresh hope has welled!
The toil grows light: clouds disappear.
Savior! I hold Thee, and am held!

April 22 1882

Composed at Talaquga, sitting by the original Cambro dwelling at the water-side.

To my Wife, for an Anniversary.

A lonely heart
Came to thy side, dear Wife, one day,
And plead for leave there aye to stay,
Awake, like Memnon, in the ray
Of thy rich love.

2

A rested heart
Has followed thine as months rolled by;
Has with thy thought seen eye to eye;
Has found response to Love's lone cry,
In measure full.

3

A trustful heart
Looks up with earnest hope, and prays
That, in the Future's unknown days,
This happy hour may lose no rays
Of perfect faith.

4

Because my heart
Has found of earth the noblest prize,
I sing, "My cup o'erflows"! My eyes
I lift in happiness that cries,
"Thank God! thou art mine!"

Oct. 10th 1882

To my Wife, on Wedding Anniversary.

1

One little space of golden time,
A few short words low-spoken,
A vow engraved on Hand uniting
Too strong to be broken;

2

A rose, and fair white-petaled flowers,
And veil o'er maiden blush,
And beat of hearts through hurried hours,
That joined our hope's high flush;

3

This day brings back that space of gold.
What need those words to say?
Or rose to bind? Or veil unfold?
Those hearts are far away!

4

Those all for memory. Their youth
Is ours to claim no longer.
But, what they meant, the love, the truth,
Grows, Darling, brighter, stronger.

Talaguga Oct. 10th 1883.

4

44

No. 1.

My Bouquet for a Queen.

1

I laid my Lilies at her feet,
In a low valley grown.
Their bells were white, their perfume sweet
And pure as e'er was known.
She stooped and placed them in her hair,
Bending with gentle grace.
They lived; and clustered glad and fair
Above her queenly face.

2

I placed my Ivy at her side.
It clung. It upward threw
Its leaflets, climbing in new pride
With tendrils firm and true.
She smiled, and watched with pleased eye
Each deepening tenderness;
And took with sweetest modesty
Their twining warm caress.

My red Rose-buds I set apart,
The best my soul could give,
Pleading that in her own dear heart
Those buds might grow and live.
She touched my rose, laid it away;
And softly made reply,
"No roses in this bosom stay."
I saw my red rose die!

Aug. 1st 1904.

No. 2.

On the Stairs.

1

Not her face, on beach, in hammock;
On veranda, free from cares.
Precious those. But, what I cherish
Is a vision on the stairs.

2.

Not attires, nor even favors,
(Death, for which, a lover dares).
Best the beauty unadorned
Of the vision on the stairs.

3

God! who knowest all my heart-wants
When I plead in secret prayers,
From my very soul I thank Thee,
For that vision on the stairs!

Aug. 6th, 1904.

+8

No. 3

Messenger Roses.

1

Go, roses fair, and seek my Love,
And touch her ~~to~~ bosom pure,
And let her know, the while I rove,
Truth has no word more sure
Than that my heart beats aye for her,
By day; by night; through tears;
Through smiles that happy visions stir
And leave no place for fears.

2

Go, roses red, repeat the tale
I've told her o'er and o'er,
How passion tries, but weak words fail
To tell more than before.
Breathe on her face your fragrance sweet;
Tell her you're sent for this:—
Her form to clasp, her lips to greet,
And press an ardent kiss.

Sept. 3rd 1904

No. 4

A Memory of Cohasset

1

My heart is in her hand;
My queen sits on her throne;
My thoughts fly to a strand
With granite socks a'er strown,
Where, 'neath the fair moon-beams,
A perfect hour of Love
Gave to my life a gleam
Of Joy, no fate can move.

2

O! hour of Love, divine!
O! gleam of Joy! I abide
In bliss that once was mine
While sitting at her side!
Come back again to me,
And give my eyes a sight
Of visions that shall be
The stars of this long night!

Sept. 12. 1904
At Sea.

No. 5

For a Birth-Day.

1

I do not reckon of your age
By years since first you came to earth:
There is a better truer guage
Than any numbered days of birth.

2

Love brings to life. I knew not joy
Until you waked my dead heart's flow.
I'm sure that I am but a boy
Of twelve. (That you already know).

3

And you, Dear Heart, can not be styled,
(If the plain truth must now be told),
By years of woman nor of child.
You're only just two short months old.

Sept. 30 1904

No. 6.

A Reverie.

1

These stars that bend above,
Stooping to send their ray
That shines, like smile of love,
Upon the brow of day;
They've bent, ~~with~~ and that smile ~~the passer~~ fell,
Leagues, leagues, and leagues afar,
Where sits my Isabel,
Herself a lovelier star.

2

This wind that fans to-night
My cheek with balmy wings,
And spread a surcease light
O'er care and Sorrow's stings,
Has flown in circles wide
From lands beyond this sea.
It's kissed my ~~Heart's~~ Dear Bride
As now it kisses me!

3

These waves that curve and bow,
With phosphorescence wild,
Before the vessel's prow
Tumultuously piled,
Have made an ocean race,
From western strand, from hall,
Where treads in queenly grace
My Loved, my Own, my All.

4.

O! star, O! wind, O! wave,
Have ye no voice that speaks?
Ye've seen and touched my Love!
Tell what my hot heart seeks!
Tell to my inmost sense
All that she is just now!
Break, break this silence tense!
Ye saw her, when?, where?, how?

Oct. 1st 1904.

No. 7

Just the same Story.

1

Don't weary, my Love, when I tell you
I love you. The story's the same,
That already you know. It is not new;
But you won't therefore call it tame.

2

The Sky has its star-rays that utter
Their speech just the same as of yore.
But Sky does not weary or mutter
Because the loved rays can't tell more.

3

The Earth has its violet springing
Each year, with their blossoms made so
Just like the old year's; again bringing
The only tale violets know.

4

Above us, our God still has a care
When aged lips speak the same prayer,
In "Now I lay me" of the child's prayer,
They were taught in their infant days.

5

I thought, my Beloved, I'd told you
All there was to be told of my heart,
When my arms first dared to enfold you
In embrace from which never to part;

6

But the months, as they flit by and go,
Send down to the heart of my soul,
Into depths of which I did not know,
A love of which you are the whole.

7

It deeper grows, Love; but, it is the same;
The same that I've taught you so well.
It's stronger, intenser; but its name
Is just, "Love". I love you, Isabel!

R. N. S.

March 24 1905

No. 8

Coming.

1

I am coming, Heart of mine!
Coming to the One I love;
Coming to the eyes that shine,
Beacon-like, while here I rove.

2

Coming, for the touch of hands
Thrilling with their magic spell;
Coming, for a Queen's commands,
Glad to serve! Words can not tell!

3

When I come, lips, dumb with stripes,
Scarce will utter what they'd say
Of the longing of my life,
And of wish with her to stay.

4

O! to be forever near her,
Blest in sitting at her side!
O! my Love, to name a dearer
Name; to claim you as my Bride!

Feby 1906.

No. 9

With a bouquet of Roses.

1

In a bud were petals lying
closely hid from every sight.
Came the voice of Flora crying,
"Break! and open to the light!"

2

In my heart a love lay hidden,
Hopeless, lonely, mute and sad.
Came thy touch. That love was bidden,
"Live! Love! I'm so glad!"

Dec. 28th 1906.

No. 12.

How shall I come?

How shall I come? As faithful friend?
As one, among the throngs
Which, in your graceful presence, blend
The notes of wit and song?
A friend I am. But, O! I'm more!
A friend admires; but I adore.

2

How shall I come? A captive held
Fast in a golden chain?
I would its links more strongly weld,
And find in them my gain.
Captive I am; but more than free
While blest with such captivity.

3

How shall I come? As Lover true,
Who brings a loyal heart
That knows to give allegiance due,
But knows no other art?
And deems, for favor ~~the~~ you may grant,
His reverence but a service scant.

O! Queen! that I might come as King!
With power at your view
All obstacles away to fling,
And claim you as a bride!
A consort-King, I would, as now,
As Friend and captive Lover, bow.

Sept. 5' 1908.

No. 10

From a Sick-bed.

The weary hours of day drag slowly by,
As, on my couch, I, listless, helpless, lie.
The city's sounds beat on the vexed air,
Sounds that, for me, have interest no care,
Only to point each sharp day's idle prayer,
"O! Lord! how long?"

2

The lonely evening hour begins to pass.
The day is done. The silent night, alas!
Brings little peace, or hope, or joy, or rest.
The distant bell alone marks Time's behest.
In empty air thought goes on vain sad quest.
God knows how vain!

3

These moonlight hours! that moon so cold and round
I see through frosted panes, o'er roofs snow-bound,
Is not the moon that, once in Summer days,
Gave to my life a wondrous psalm of praise
With notes of Love that angels best can raise
In human hearts.

Come woe or ~~(the)~~ weal, come sorrow or come ease,
My heart's spring of Life has this glad surcease,—
My lips shall touch the lips that cried, "Don'st die!",
Shall kiss the queenly hand that brought me nigh,
Shall lay at her feet Love's ransom, when I
See her again!

March 4th 1907.

No. 11.

Good-bye.

Take, O! Queen, these rose-buds red,
Sacred to Love's deep truth.
May their graceful meaning spread
A radiance o'er Life's ruth.

2

Every petal has a tone
To strike a wireless wave
Heard and felt by you alone,
Or gay, or sadly grave.

3.

Kiss them for an absent one,
Who these green leaves has kissed,
Kiss them, as the glint of sun
Gilds darkest cloud or mist.

4

Lay them where their fairy eyes
A gentle watch may keep
By the couch where ~~sleeping~~ resting lies
My Isabel asleep.

5

Let their mystic hands be free
To touch the hands I love,
Bringing back bright memory,
The while afar I rove.

6.

Priestess! bid their fragrance rise
Up through the ambient air,
As an incense to the skies.
Then breathe for me a prayer!

Nov. 5th, 1907.

No. 13.

Accompanying the Present of a Breast pin

Nor pearls nor diamonds have an art
To lend her added grace.
They borrow from the truth of heart
That lights her queen-like face.

Jan. 7 1909.

My Lady.

Prologue.

In vain I try ~~xxx~~ words to ~~xxx~~ restrict,
Within a single line
The while I venture to depict
~~Of a story new and old, for~~
~~The~~ A Lady I call mine.

1

Taste flows around her form and face,
Where Beauty's curves align
In motions of bewilder'ring grace.
This Lady, she is mine!

2

She's brave and good; sincere of heart;
The best of God's design,
And fashioned by herself apart;
This Lady, she is mine!

3

All noble themes possess her thought,
With utterance as fine
As e'er the Muses' lips were taught.
This Lady, she is mine!

And Love sits in her soul, supreme,
Where rays of Truth outshine
The glimmerings of each lesser ~~theme~~ scheme.
This Lady, she is mine!

Epilogue

Who is the wretch that dares to claim
~~This~~ woman so divine?
I, kindly, will not tell his name.
He's only, Valentine.

July 14th 1909

My Lady.

Prologue

In vain I try ~~my~~ words to restrict
Within a single line
~~The while I venture to depict~~
~~Of a story, new and old, for~~
A Lady I call mine.

1

Taste flows around her form and face,
Where Beauty's curves align
In motions of bewilder'ring grace.
This Lady, she is mine!

2

She is brave and good; sincere of heart;
The best of God's design,
And fashioned by herself apart.
This Lady, she is mine!

3

All noble themes possess her thought,
With utterance as fine
As e'er the Muses' lips were taught.
This Lady, she is mine!

4

And Love sits in her soul, supreme,
Where rays of Truth outshine
The glimmerings of each lesser scheme
This Lady, she is mine!

Epilogue

Who is the wretch who dares to claim
A woman so divine?
I, kindly, will not tell his name.
He's only, Valentine.

Feby 13th 1909.

A Memory of Lucerne.

1

Clear echoes pulse the vivid air,
From crag; and lake; and street;
And quay, all tree-embower'd, where
The many nations meet:-

From hall, where, through the quiv'ring chords
Of Music's classic tones,
Rent plaints of Love, the clash of Swords,
Or Agony's low moans:-

2.

An hour; and, then, the foot-step veers
To where, o'er festive plates
And laughs, was drunk "the cup that cheers
But not inebriates":-

4

From forest-aisles, where light and shade,
As if with mystic powers,
Beneath the scented fir trees, played
All through the silent hours:-

From turret's nook, where, on the roofs,
Amid the rain and hail,
Were heard the Storm's wild demon hoofs,
Or a Valkyirie's wail:-

6

By busy roads; by river's waves;
By car, in town; in fields,
Where Nature, far from Mammon's slaves,
Her gentler favors yields:-

7

Through all these sounds there haunting floats
One tone I know full well,-
The sweet low voice, in queenly notes,
Of my loved Isabel.

Liverpool,
Sept 1910

For an Anniversary, Sept. 30.

1

Down a glacier, cold and lifeless,
Dropped a trickling little stream,
Through the densely shadow'd crevasse,
Lighted by no bright sun-beam.

2

From that glacier's melting ice-face
Gushed a river, swift and strong;
Often, through some flower-clad rest-place;
Then, through rapids fierce and long.

3.

But, into the open valley,
Sped that river, wide and free;
Past the lowlands; forth to sally
In a race to reach the Sea.

4

I was that glacier, lone and cold;
Thou the splendid distant Sea.
Mine the Love-stream that, slow, then bold,
Leaped to lose itself in thee!

5

Lost? No! Saved. That pulsing Sea's breast
Thrills me, as with magic wand.
From coral depths its wave's high crest
Floats me safe from land to land.

6

O! wave of Love, so strong, so free,
Bear me ever on thy tide!
Flow on, e'en to Eternity!
Only, keep me at her side!

Ambler, Pa.
Sept. 16, 1912

Lone, but not Alone.

1

Along the path that Providence had bid
Their feet to tread the way of Life,
A band of fearless youth, with hopes high borne,
Stood ready for the coming strife.

2

Upon them rested solemn vows of God,
In consecration's sacred light.
With earnest zeal they faced the Future's star,
Whose rays, to them, seemed naught but bright.

3

That way of Life was straight for one and all,
But, over it, a winding line
Led each one of that consecrated band
To his own special pilgrim shrine.

4

Some hasted, on their destinated work;
And, by high noon, that work was done,
While others, toiling just as faithfully,
Still waited for the setting sun.

5

Years passed. Though now not as a solid band,
But lone, and lost to friendly touch,
Their names still hold a tender memory
That grips the heart with warmest clutch.

6

The few who respond to-day to the roll
Speak only in a distant tone;
For, one by one, the voice was hushed in death.
And the loved comrade's work is done.

7

Now, when the aged traveler looks around,
Sadly to find himself alone,
The toilsome path seems rougher and more dark,
Where once a light had brightly shone.

8

Alone? No! not alone; for, younger hands,
In loving kindness make their signs,
To tell the traveler that, e'en for him,
The light of other stars still shines.

9

Alone? O! No! I'm glad I'm not alone,
While human hearts beat warm and true.
And smiles, that welcome, tell me, more than words,
That life's made young by friendships new.

10

The friendly grasp of new and loving hands
Gives courage to the wearied heart,
And lifts the tearful eye to the Beyond,
Where dwell our friends, no more to part.

May 5' 1914 (Princeton).

Leaves of Memory.

1

The Winter wind blows fierce and chill
O'er vale and hill.
And cold the air
For those who dare
To venture under its rude will.

2

The dead leaves strew the icy path,
Victims of wrath
That wrecked, by storms,
Their graceful forms
Once vivid in the hot sun's bath.

3

Though faded, those leaves are not dead.
In thought, they spread
O'er Beauty's face
An added grace,
Just as they did ere Summer fled.

4

O! Memory, the pow'r is thine
Ever to shine
(Even when the day
Has no bright ray)
With warmest glow at Love's dear shrine.

St Valentine's Day, Feby 1915.

With a Bouquet of violets,
to Miss Guemmere.

There is no wealth that I would give,
Too great to crown my Queen.
There are no words, with strength enough
To tell what Love's thoughts mean.

2

To serve her too, there are no acts,
That I to do might dare,
But what I'd humbly proudly claim
That no one else should share.

3

What shall I say? What shall I give,
Myself already thine?
To-day these flowers shall ~~only~~ simply say,
I am thy Valentine.

Valentine's Day, Feby 1919.

811

Changes.

With varying hues the sky is spread;
Some please the eye; some bring but dread.
Some days are bright, and, then they fade;
And dark storm-clouds hang over-head.
But, I change not;
For, I love thee.

(2)

Leaves decked the trees, in Summer hour;
Like flags they waved, in sun and shower.
But, now they've changed their brilliancy,
And fall beneath cold Winter's stife.
But, I change not;
For, I love thee.

(3)

Wild flowers, that decked the rough road-side,
Were fitting well to grace a bride.
But, now the road-sides only show
Some dead weeds lying in the snow.
But, I change not;
For, I love thee.

as Robert, (4) now
He, whom, you know, ~~[illegible]~~,
Is the same one of years ago.
~~Rob.~~, ~~whom now you know~~,
Only, to-day, the name I sign
Is changed to, simply, Valentine.
But, I change not;
For, I love thee.

Valentine's Day, Feby. 1920.

(1)

Alone, but not Lonely.

1

Along the path that Providence had bid
Their feet to tread the Way of Life,
A band of fearless youths, with hopes high hung,
Stood ready for the coming strife.

2

Upon them rested solemn vows of God,
In Consecration's sacred light.
With earnest zeal they faced the future's star,
Those rays, to them, seemed naught but light.

3

That Way of Life was straight for one and all.
Yet, mark it, a wending line
And each one of that consecrated band
To his own special pilgrim shrine.

4

Some hasted, on their destinated work;
And, by high noon, that work was done.
While others, toiling just as faithfully,
Still waited for the setting sun.

5

Years passed. Though now not as a solid band,
But lone, and lost to friendly touch,
Their names still hold a tender or sweet
That grips the heart with warmest clutch.

6.

The few, who respond to-day to the roll,
Speak only in a distant tone;
For, one by one, the voice was hushed in death.
And the loved comrade's work is done.

7

For, when the aged traveler looks around,
Sadly to find himself alone,
His toilsome path seems rougher and more dark,
Then once a light had brightly shone.

8

Alone? No! not alone; for, younger hands,
In loving kindness make their signs,
To tell the traveler that, even for him,
The light of other stars still shines.

9

Alone? Oh! No! I'm glad I'm not alone,
While human hearts beat warm and true,
And smiles, that welcome, tell me, more than words,
That life's made young by friendships new.

10

The friendly grasp of new and loving hands
Gives courage to the wearied heart;
And lifts the tearful eye to the Beyond,
Where dwell our friends, no more to part.

E. M. [illegible]

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